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THE PARTY NOT BORN.

BY COL. J. S. FLETCHER.

Hath America, where Christianity faintly gleams,
And bells on free schools still ring,
Inherent power, by blood dearly bought,
To drive the thieves from the Ballot Box?

If so, what Party dares so to speak?
What Statesman dares to enter the breach?
Enforce the law? You say, how, at what hour?
For the law is in the hands of the thief in power.

The thief in power, by the will of the voter,
Whether Priest, Preacher, Deacon, or Floater;
These "Holders than Thou," of all Color and Creed,
Shout for heaven, and vote for the Devil to lead.

The Prohibitionist born of a Sunday School fever,
Rose to smite the monster with the Gospel Cleaver,
Prayed and prayed until the Preacher and Deacon
Saw it hurt their party and began to weaken.

The Socialist next appears on the scene,
Born in the rhapsody of a Political dream;
Grew, flourished, until now it stands
With uncovered head, and extended hands.

The Populist born at "Omaha," to Patriotism given,
Threw out their banner to the stars of heaven;
Morning came, Democrats belied the intrusion,
Embraced the Child, and killed it with Fusion.

Reform Parties, fully a dozen or more,
All pounding and knocking at the "Pie Counter" door;
Each promising, for our ill, a full Correction,
And all are knocked down on the day of Election.

Oppression is the Law that forces reforms,
Combines and Monopoly will bury it along;
When self-defense demands it, who can tell
How soon we shall hear the Liberty Bell?

The Child is not born, for the Cradle is empty
A waiting hero of the Twentieth Century;
Whatever be the name, of a truth I am sure,
He will Champion the Cause of the overtaxed poor.

REASON AND PATRIOTISM—CITY AND NATIONAL.

Written for THE MESSENGER by Col. Foster, Springfield, Ill.

REASON implies the mental ability to classify facts. Knowledge is the substance of a truth made manifest to the mind. It is nonsense to say I believe what I know, for belief implies doubt, while knowledge precludes doubt. In all nature there is no bankrupt court. Truth in all its various forms speaks to man. Its warm coloring attracts, entices, charms and enters the mind. Its meaning is the same to all, whether "through the forest whispering lullaby songs in the summer midnight or shouting its anthems to the winter storm." Truth is nature's commonwealth in which all man kind have equal rights. A lie is slavery in disguise being class conscious. In the old dispensation it was written: "Come, let us reason together." In the next dispensation it was written: "The truth shall make you free," and still later it was written: "This world is my country; to do good my religion." Here we have the three grand divisions of human life—first reason, second truth, third the world as beneficiaries of the liberty through the truth, made manifest by reason. Hence righteousness, or goodness is simply truth in motion, and to discover truth and put it in motion constitutes the only true greatness. Nature opens her book at life and closes it at death, and between the cradle and the grave man writes the tragedies of life. With ambition, selfishness, pride, love and hate the semi-barbarous comes on the stage looking forward to what "may be." Then comes the old man, pauses and looks back to what might have been, speaks of the follies of his generation, and rings down the curtain to mark an epoch in the progress of man. Thus the human race, like waves on the deep, comes and goes, each generation touching a little higher the mark that points to the possibilities on the infinite bill of life. Progress! There can be no doubt but that a few men in ages past blazed the way for the world's progress, and it is equally true that a few men do the thinking for the masses now. It is a matter of history that the poor never destroyed a government. You have only to reason a little to find the secret in the fact that man in a semi-barbarous state follows leaders, hence it is that the destruction of government comes from the powerful and rich, for when selfishness fanned by ambition is given power it knows no bounds; and, strange to say, that the toiling classes will worship the imperialistic monster and perish like insects around an ant light until greed, like a prairie fire, consumes all and leaves nothing behind but the ashes of a dead nation. Such is the history of man.

If it be true, as some say, we have as good government as we are capable of having, and at the same time be compelled to look at our rotten city politics we are inclined to think there is a woeful want of both common sense and honesty among the people. I am inclined to believe that if our national government was as rotten as our city governments this nation would revolutionize in less than a year. Our city governments are the hot beds of anarchy. To say that men holding office who have been sworn to uphold and enforce the law, in order to continue in office, are first to buy votes, corrupt the ballot, debauch public morals and defy the law, is to simply speak a truth well known, and in the face of this truth let us ask ourselves what is anarchy and who is an anarchist? And if you find the answer, then ask yourself do I vote for these men, and if so what am I? Now if anarchy means "no law," or "lawlessness," and you vote to continue men in office who disregard the law, how can you escape your share in the crime? Our city gov-

ernments are the crime incubators of the nation, and out of these incubators comes your anarchist to assassinate presidents. To produce criminals only to execute them does not argue a high state of civilization. Our nation to day is in a state of commercial demoralization. The mad, insane scramble for the dollar seems fast absorbing the moral sense of the people; the hand of greed has clutched the white throat virtue; the voice from Calvary falls on dead ears; honor is under gross suspicion; charity winked at and justice looking for a friendly face—while on rushes the maddened throng seeking pleasure on the ruin of womanhood, manhood, childhood—a debauched home and country. Monopoly, combines, trusts and mergers fasten themselves on the body politic, and the vicious welcome them to their party because of their large corruption fund and plead their cause. Party idolaters are the tools of monopolists. Monopolists buy them on election day and shoot them down on strike day. While this is a sad picture, it is sad 'tis true, for dead fools can't reform and live fools won't. After all is said the fact remains that the few rules the many. The man of vicious habits simply represents a way station on a deserted road that the man of clean life has passed. The fool in politics is the manhole on the street of progress, there to catch the slop. A preacher working candidates for money is a scab undertaker. Take all these disagreeable elements and bunch them and roll them up and press them down, and there is not sufficient substance in them all to make one manly man. What we need most now is better city government. As it is now a man of good character can't get office. A bad character is a sure winner. To get good government men of good character must break the party yoke and stand for men and measures. An independent vote is the hope of the country, and as a few brave, honest statesmen at the head of the nation keeps our union in perpetuity, so likewise must a few brave, honest men come to the rescue of our municipal government and drive anarchy and misrule from our cities. Reason holds the torch, while justice overtakes the thief and perjurer. Patriotism demands the enforcement of the law. Justice knows no distinction between a thief in prison and one out of prison. Whether in office or out of office, it is mercy that asks restitution. When we see the man that discovered the world was round forced by the vicious in power to recant; when we see the man that discovered a new world die in poverty; when we see the fires of persecution burn the noble and true; when we look over the past, red with the blood of martyrs to truth; when we hear the bugle call to arms a nation in war, in which a half million perished, and three hundred thousand crippled soldiers returned, and a million of widows and orphans to tell the story—we are forced to exclaim, O Liberty, what hast thou cost the world? And yet in the face of all this men sell their citizenship in the land of the free, and are led to the ballot box like cattle and voted for a price. Such is American politics.

Hath America where Christianity faintly gleams,
And bells on free schools still ring,
Inherent power, by blood so dearly bought,
To keep the thieves from corrupting the ballot box?

AUTHOR OF DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION.

IT is the belief, not only of most persons who have only a vague understanding of the theory of evolution, but of tolerable students of the history of science and philosophy, that Charles Darwin was the father of that theory. So widely diffused in this opinion that the body of principles and doctrines which are deducted from it are frequently referred to as the "Darwinian philosophy." In an article published posthumously in Harper's Magazine, from which we quoted a few days ago, Dr. John Fiske, who, during his later life, was the most distinguished and successful American exponent of the doctrine of evolution, sought to correct this fallacy. He does not depreciate the work of Darwin. He admits that he was one of the earliest and greatest pioneers in this field of investigation, and that he supplied as many scientific illustrations of evolution as any other man. But, Dr. Fiske declares, the glory of first conceiving that doctrine in its full significance, perceiving its applicability to every branch of science and philosophy, and actually applying it to them, must be accorded, not to Darwin, but to Herbert Spencer. It was Dr. Fiske's opinion that "If Herbert Spencer had not lived in the nineteenth century, although the age would have been full of illustrations of evolution, contributed by Darwin and others, yet in all probability such a thing as the doctrine of evolution would have been unknown." Many parts of it, he declares, Darwin never understood. The master mind of Spencer elaborated it in every direction, and affected a revolution in human thought which has not been paralleled since Isaac Newton advanced the theory of gravitation.

Spencer's forerunner, Dr. Fiske, says, was the Estonian naturalist, Karl Ernst Baer. In 1829 he published a book generalizing certain principles, the results of his studies of embryology. Curiously enough, he gave it the title, "History of Evolution." Spencer applied Baer's technical formulas to the universe. He concluded that the same course that an ovum follows in developing into a mature animal is the course which is followed in the development of a plant, of a planet or a universe. He was already getting vague glimpses of this compre-

hensive and revolutionary theory when he wrote his first book, "Social Statics," and some of his earlier essays. In his "Principles of Psychology," published in 1855, four years before the appearance of Darwin's "Origin of Species," he applied it with great acuteness, amplitude and detail to the development of the mind. From this time the doctrine took more and more distinct form in his thought. He investigated almost every branch of science, searching for evidences and illustrations of its truth and finding them everywhere. His "Synthetic Philosophy" is the most complete presentation of the subject which has been made—perhaps that ever will be. In "Principles of Biology" he shows how the various forms of animal life have been evolved, in "Principles of Sociology" how social and political institutions have been developed, and in "Principles of Ethics" how our ideas of religion and morality have originated and grown. He seized and unified the theories of Kant and Laplace in regard to the development of the solar system; of Lyell in regard to the geological development of the earth; of Linnaeus and Cuvier, Acock and Huxley, regarding the development of the plant and animal kingdoms presenting, in one view, a universal philosophy which traces all the principles of all the sciences back to one final principle, he maintains, neither the metaphysician nor the scientist can go; for back of it lies only the immutable and undiscovered first cause.

John Stuart Mill pronounced Spencer's "Principles of Psychology" "the finest example we possess of the psychological method in its full power."

His style lacks much of being as clear and popular as Dr. Fiske, among others, has shown that philosophic writing may be made. His writings will never, therefore, be read by many people. Spencer himself is reported to have said that if the average man were required to choose between reading a chapter in his "Psychology" every day and taking a spoon full of cod liver oil, we would take the oil. But his books are the arsenal from which the advocates of the doctrine of evolution have drawn the weapons with which they vanquished the defenders of both skepticism and superstition. Upon it also the opponents of socialism and kindred prejudices may rely for arguments to refute their antagonists; for the doctrines of evolution and of socialism are as opposite as day and night, and no rational man can pretend to accept both the one and the other. Indeed, the more ardent admirers of Spencer believe that despite his defects of style, the father of the evolutionary philosophy will be referred to and quoted in remote ages, as one of the great epochmaking thinkers of all time, banking with Plato and Aristotle, Kepler and Newton, Bacon and Kant.

LUXURY IN COLLEGE LIFE.

WE can find small space in our heart for sympathy with the college boy of the class whose cause was pleaded so eloquently by an indignant woman in one of the English newspapers the other day. This young fellow, it appears, had been at Harvard, and was taking a further course at Oxford, where his American mother had been to look over the accommodations, and she was so shocked at the absence of modern improvements and elegancies in the students' lodgings that she had to vent her feelings in print.

It goes without saying that we do these things better in America; we have the advantage of beginning where our British cousins left off. For a like reason the explorer in the wild and woolly West used to be astonished some years ago at finding the menu of a full course dinner beside his plate at his hotel in Spokane Falls and a waiter in broadcloth canonically behind his chair at Walla Walla. But while these things spoke volumes for the progress which had been made in a new country, they did not argue anything against the quality of the older civilization on the Atlantic slope.

Now, we very much question whether the lack of fine furnishings and elaborate plumbing in his college quarters is an important handicap to a young man's advancement in scholarship. It is quite safe to say that it would never interfere with his acquisition of the sterling traits of manhood. Many of the best men in England and America, but more especially in America, had a hard shift to complete their education at all, and would rather today have this past to look back upon than a college career as magnificent as an Oriental dream.

It is not necessarily a disparagement of the character of a young man to say that he has been gently reared. The last two wars in which this country has had a hand proved that as sturdy hearts beat under the purple as anywhere. In one sense, there was something especially inspiring in the idea of the glided youth taking up arms for their government, for every one recognized that their sacrifices were great in proportion to what they might have enjoyed at home if they had not gone to the front. But in soberly computing the factors which go to make a young man brave and strong and unselfish, full of enthusiasm for truth and justice and a hatred for wrong, we do not inquire whether he has been used to bare floors, ragged carpets, or Turkish rugs; whether he bathed in a porcelain tub or rubbed himself down at a horse trough; whether he warmed himself before a smoky open fireplace, or basked in the cheerful radiance of a steam coil.

These considerations are, in short, mere incidents. It may not be worth while to go to great pains to make the hill of learning steeper and rougher than it must inevitably be by deliberately strewing its trails with aggressive discomforts; but, on the other hand, if a boy has health and strength, good spirits and ambition, the hardships which he cannot avoid, or which he seems to go far out of his way to avoid, stimulate his resourcefulness and give a zest to his appetite for the good things which lie before.

Moreover, in these practical days, the college graduate who succeeds in life is usually he who starts at the bottom of the ladder in his chosen calling. It seems to us that the student who passes out of his academic halls into the bread-and-butter arena without too violent a change of level must make a better fist of his beginning than his comrade who descends with a heavy jolt and has to readjust his facilities to the ruder surroundings amid which he suddenly finds himself.

THEY ARE COMING.



THE scenes enacted upon the last day of registration in Porto Rico were of a character to incite the admiration of those who fancy the strenuous in politics. Whatever may be said of the capacity of the Porto Ricans to assimilate our institutions, there can be no question that they have displayed an unprecedented precocity in adopting election methods which characterizes some of the states and municipalities of this Union.

The reports of riots at the registration booths and promiscuous shooting by angry citizens, with a changed date line, might do for an account of an average election in Philadelphia. The Porto Ricans shed upon this occasion almost as much blood as would flow at a Republican primary in Camden, N. J. There was a wild abandon in the revels of the populace as they surged around the registration booths and incidentally with knives and pistols reducing the voting population that calls to mind those friendly little races for office in Kentucky which keeps the coroner working overtime for several weeks after an election.

Those who have been disposed to discount the capacity of the Porto Ricans must revise their opinions since the latest exhibition of political advancement. It does not seem improbable that in the near future the progressing natives of the island may succeed in emulating the example of the political boodlers who dwell in our large cities.

We may expect to read some day a dispatch like this: "San Juan, Porto Rico, Jan. 5, 1905.—Senor Lorenzo Patillas, the well known Porto Rican political boss, who never had a job in his life and was born poor, has bought Balmoral Castle. It is said that he will have on the turf next season a string of thoroughbreds without an equal in racing annals. Senor Patillas will sail for England in a few days. He goes, of course, in his private yacht Bleedem, said to be the finest craft afloat."

Or perhaps the item will be as follows: "San Juan, Porto Rico, June 6, 1907.—Senor Ponce Gaunauma expired here suddenly this morning from overheat. For many years Senor Gaunauma had been an alderman of this city, and had no other avocation. Senor Gaunauma entered public life penniless and by his course earned the sobriquet of Honest Ponce. He leaves an estate valued at \$50,000,000."

With the adaptability shown by the Porto Ricans there is really no foretelling the stage of political refinement they may in a short time acquire.

The statement of Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews that the devil is in football is highly encouraging. When Old Nick is carried off the gridiron Thanksgiving day with a sprained back, a fractured leg and three or four broken ribs the world may have a respite.

Young Mr. Rockefeller tells his Sunday school class that it is more blessed to give than receive. Mr. Rockefeller himself is a very liberal giver—of advice.

Caracas is again the capital of Venezuela. It might not be a bad idea for Venezuela to nail its capital down now that it has one.

The people of the United States will regret the departure of Minister Wu. We don't know why we like him but we do—oo—Wu.

Possibly General Corbin's advice to young army officers not to marry was put forth in the interest of the future pension roll.

For the country to get full measure of Thanksgiving spirit it will have to forget that Congress meets shortly after.

Mr. Babcock, having withdrawn in favor of Mr. Cannon, the latter now has the privilege of using smokeless powder.

It is rumored that John W. Gates has something up his sleeve. From the way he fills it must be an extra ace.

The tobacco war is still being waged with a fierceness which suggests that the magnates have been smoking some of their own cigars.